

Notes On Laureateship

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You must act like a Morpho in the forest
Perhaps thirty feet in the air

So your vantage point will be aerial:
Visit all libraries in the 'ocean state'

As though you could get to the ocean
(our forests are already gone but saline)

can be curettage if you can learn to float
as Lolita did her skeletal remains a new anatomy

the dreamscape of butterflies paradoxical
(caught between the real and the ideal equinox)

the new meridian outlines your prosody
each compositional moment new latitude

all genders interchangeable the naval your watchword
as you sail your charts your handbook in cuffs

since you will visit the ACI to share arboretum
vantages learning a new literacy of the unkind

so you can exact the truth of eden as chemical
lifeblood streaming toward fertile ground again

you are to remain invisible in intimate acts
as you project your human craft too eloquent

for any broken record of the egodriven
drivewheel of the paradisal on this earth

which has always been a sphere
Thelonius Monk's middle name

a dissonance of the ear to make you speak, memory
in every archive while you shop for grain

greengrocer of your generation
master of the spin whose target is tapestry

a local parlance the speech of our ancestors
'simple, sensuous and impassioned' as Milton said

in England, let me remind you, not new england
nothing new in your world but new idioms

'how the people talk' "gumbo ya-ya"
the laureate's neighborhood: our powerbook unction

aflight (Algonquin)
feet on the ground (runagate)